

SONGS OF SENTIMENT

CAROLINE HARRELL HORNE

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SONGS OF SENTIMENT





IDA CAROLINE HARRELL
(AGE FIVE)

Frontispiece

SONGS OF SENTIMENT

BY

IDA CAROLINE HARRELL HORNE

Author of "Simple Southern Songs"

EDITED BY HER SON

HERMAN HARRELL HORNE



THE NEALE PUBLISHING COMPANY

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PREFACE

An old box of fragile, faded, yellow clippings from newspapers, like ashes of roses whose perfume remains. Can these live again, and also renew life for their readers? As surely as they are the genuine expressions of changeless human sentiments in the midst of the common experiences of life.

Perhaps it is significant that on the back of one of these clippings the following lines on "Poetry" were quoted from the American poet and scientist, James Gates Percival, who himself wrote for newspapers in Connecticut:

The world is full of poetry—the air
Is living with its spirit; and the waves
Dance to the music of its melodies,
And sparkle in its brightness. Earth is veil'd
And mantled with its beauty: and the walls
That close the universe with crystal in,
Are eloquent with voices, that proclaim
The unseen glories of immensity,
Its harmonies too perfect and too high
For ought but beings of celestial mould,
And speak to man in one eternal hymn,
Unfading beauty, and unyielding power.

The old picture of the author as a child of five years was made in 1860 in Chapel Hill, North Carolina, where her father, Dr. Wm. B. Harrell, was conducting a preparatory school. The poems were mainly written between the years 1883 and 1888, just before and after the thirtieth year of life, though some of the poems are of recent composition. A number are without date.

The poems first appeared under the pen-name, "Carine," an abbreviation of the composer's middle name. They appeared in various North Carolina papers; mainly, *The Clayton Bud*, *The Twin-City Daily*, *The Winston Sentinel*, *The Greensboro Patriot*, *The Biblical Recorder*, which has outlasted most of its contemporaries, and is still vigorous; a few appeared in *The Selma News*, and *The Methodist Advance*. The one never published before is "The Sentinel," p 154. The home of the author is Clayton, North Carolina.

Though but a boy myself at the time, I recall the mode of composition of these poems. They were dashed off between duties, thought out while following household cares,—the feet of metres might literally have been stepped off—written down on any scrap of convenient paper, usually with a pencil, with a large blue book held on the lap for a writing-desk, never polished or revised, often appearing without even correction of proof, and never yielding anything more substantial than free subscriptions and local fame. The author sang in rhythm and rhyme because

she loved to sing. Her unusual sensitiveness to the vicissitudes of life demanded expression. The poems are without historic connections, except as they may suggest the romantic verse of Lord Byron, her favorite poet.

How far are the poems biographical? Certainly they are so in the seasonal and religious verse. True religious feeling lies behind the longest division of the poems, which were written before the popular advent of the more liberal theology. Perhaps the note of sadness and suffering is the dominant one in this symphony of life, relieved, however, by a living faith in the future. The key is minor, but there is harmony. This religious faith, coupled with a temperamental sympathy with the sorrows of life, reveal the author's spirit.

Essentially, these are songs of sentiment, romantic and religious sentiment. A quality of self-control prevents noble sentiment from becoming ignoble sentimentality. In the romantic verse, imagination works with sympathy in expressing feelings of the soul not necessarily biographical. Yes, sentiment and sympathy are the two secrets of this verse, coupled with facility in rhythmic and rhymed expression. There are half a dozen forms of end-rhyme, the *abcb* form being the favorite; and over a dozen rhythmic forms, the quatrain of iambic tetrameter alternating with the iambic trimeter being the favorite.

By sentiment the world is chiefly moved. The old songs with their associations of childhood find us and

stir us. Liberty, equality, fraternity, and love are human sentiments. Sentiment is the soul's feeling for the ideal. One illustration of it is one's devotion to the flag of his country, which he follows even at the sacrifice of life. Sentiment is the greatest motive force. The cultivation of the sentiments through the reading of poetry is a part of education.

The editor's part has been slight, to select, to group, and to arrange. The poems of "Attachment" are so arranged as to tell a story of requited love, absence, and re-union. This is of course factitious and not the order of composition, but it may increase the pleasure of reading. There are almost no poems of love-making. As with Ibsen, the action begins after all that has taken place. The successive divisions suggest a natural history of the universal sentiment of love, beginning with attachment, and followed successively by hopes and fears, estrangement and reconciliation, constancy, memories, sorrows and losses; then comes the reflection of the human emotions in nature, a favorite theme always with the poets, found here in the seasonal verse; and finally, like the seven-fold Amen, comes the spiritual interpretation of our fragmentary and unsatisfying existence.

In sending forth this little volume, the editor is indeed moved by the sentiment of filial piety, and also by the desire to enlarge the circle of friends to whom these verses once gave pleasure.

Leonia, N. J.,

H. H. H.

December 20, 1916.

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I

ATTACHMENT

IN DREAMS OF LIGHT

In dreams of light, when starry night
Has lit the quiet sea,
I roam once more, on memory's shore,
In sweet delight, with thee.

The golden strand of youth's bright land
Is spread beneath our feet;
We walk in joy, while no alloy
Doth mar our rapture sweet.

Ah, happy dreams! when gladness seems
To beam about my way,
Rest on my heart, and leave a part
Of one bright, lingering ray.

Ah, golden dreams! fair as sunbeams,
That bathe my soul in light,
Come once again, ye bring no pain,
Come in the deep, dark night.

In dreams of light, when starry night
Rests on the earth and sky,
I roam with thee, in ecstasy
Beneath thy love-lit eye.

MY LOVE

My love is as bright as the sunset sky,
Her voice like the soft west wind;
And when her low whispers fall sweet on my ear,
'Tis music, the dearest I find.

Her face is as fair as a beautiful flower,—
The rose and the lily I see;
And rubies and pearls all together enhance,
The vision to-day before me.

She's all that my fancy could ever devise,
So beautiful, charming and dear,
And oh, her sweet heart is as true as the stars,
Which ever in heaven appear.

Her love is as strong and as deep as the sea,
Her smile is as bright as the sun;
Her presence will make me content thro' the years,
That come ere life's dream is done.

September 12th, 1884.

MY TREASURE

A slender, graceful, girlish form,
With bearing proud and high;
A face more beautiful to me
Than aught beneath the sky.

Dark eyes full of a tender light,
Which dims the evening star;
A brow more fair than lily-bells,
And lovelier by far.

Rich masses of thick raven hair
Surround her queenly head—
A crown surpassing gold or gems,
Which many a charm doth shed.

Small, lady-like, patrician hands,
White as a tube-rose blown;
These pure sweet hands I hold in mine,
And call my own, my own.

And she has loved me long and well:
O, I am rich indeed!
In her dear eyes, so kind and true,
My happiness I read.

FOR ME

There is a light in her dark eyes
Which beams for me alone;
And for mine ear her sweet voice falls
With soft and tender tone.

Her smile—the sunshine of my heart,
Makes life with beauty flow;

And one cold frown upon that brow,
Fills me with deepest woe.

And each dear charm of her pure face
I watch with ecstasy,
And precious to my soul the thought:
Oh! it is "fair for me."

March 24th, 1886.

WHEN I AM WITH THEE

If I can only look in thy clear eyes—
Tho' weary cares oppress my heart and mind—
The shadows fade; hope, joy, and peace return,
And happiness alone with thee I find.

Whene'er I feel the touch of thy dear hand,
There breathes an influence gentle, sweet, and
pure,
And oh, if I could hold it close always
Thro' life, my heart could suffer and endure.

When I am with thee, all the earth is fair,
Content and quiet reign within my soul;
Life glides along like tranquil peaceful flow
Of waters where no restless wave doth roll.

April 25th, 1885.

ONLY

Only a thought of thee, a little thought, dear,
And yet a glow of rapture thrills my frame,
How sweet the spell that bids each pulse beat faster,
E'en at the very mention of thy name.

Only a tender word, so softly whispered,
The list'ning winds could scarcely catch its tone;
Yet deep within my heart it faintly echoes,
With music dearer than an angel's own.

Only a loving glance, and earth seemed gleaming
With glory living in thy winning smile;
Life hath no care, or weariness, or burden,
That thy sweet presence, love, will not beguile.

June 26th, 1887.

LOVE ME NOW

Love me now, breathe the words often,
Speak them again, and again;
Falling so sweetly, they soften
Even life's bitterest pain.

Words of affection can never
Weary the ear or the heart;
And though in grief we must sever,
Yet they will smoothe the deep smart.

Love me, O darling, and cherish
Fondly the heart that is thine,
And may the light never perish,
Which o'er my pathway doth shine.

When sorrow shadows the glory,
Even of sunniest days—
Tell me the beautiful story,
That you will love me always.

FAREWELL

Farewell, darling, I will ever
Keep thine image in my heart;
Life seems robbed of light and gladness,
While I know that we must part.

Tell me, darling, will you fondly
Think of me when far away?
Or when these bright scenes are over,
Will you know a fairer day?

O, forgive me, my own darling!
Well I know your heart is true;
It is mine to claim forever,
Ne'er to change, my whole life through.

Farewell, darling! Let me hold thee,
Closer to my bleeding heart,

Ere I leave thee in thy sorrow,
Let me kiss the tears that start.

Farewell, darling! Fate may bring thee
To my happy arms again:
This shall be life's *one* petition—
Will the prayer be all in vain?

February 3d, 1885.

I SHALL MISS YOU

I shall miss you, dear one,
When the early light
Wakes the morn in gladness,
And the sky is bright.
I shall miss your footstep,
And your low, sweet tone,
I shall miss you, darling,
When I am alone.

When the noon-tide splendor,
Floods the silent hills,
I shall miss your laughter,
Sweeter than the rills,
I shall miss your dear eyes,
From the wonted place,
And my heart will sorrow,
While I miss your face.

In the quiet evening,
By the warm fireside,
I shall think of bright hours
You spent at my side.
And your songs will haunt me,
With their memories sweet,
And my heart will miss you,
'Till we fondly meet.

January 3d, 1884.

IN EVERYTHING

In the graceful willows waving,
I behold thy sylph-like form;
And the sunbeam soft and tender,
Calls to mind thy glance so warm.

In the murmur of the streamlet
Thrills a memory of thee,
For its rippling tones remind me
Of thy voice's melody.

On the breath of passing zephyr,
Lives again thy half-drawn sigh,
And the deepest blue of heaven
Is the color of thine eye.

In the sweetest buds of springtime
Is the freshness of thy face,

And thy sunny smile seems with me
In each bright and sunny place.

As the sunlight warms the valley,
Shedding joy and happiness,
So do thoughts of thee bring sweetness,
Every hour of life to bless.

THINE EYES

The light which shines within the depths
Of those dear eyes of thine,
Whene'er I meet thy tender glance,
Thrills me with joy divine.

Thine eyes! They beam above my way,
Like fairest stars of night;
And when my feet would turn aside,
They guide me to the right.

Dear truthful eyes, that always tell
A secret thou would'st keep;
In visions oft they come to me,
And charm me while I sleep.

'Tis summer always in my heart,
To see those eyes of thine,
Before me, thro' the happy hours,
Look fondest love to mine.

O, there is naught on this fair earth
So beautiful to me
As those sweet eyes of thine, my love,
Deep as the dark blue sea.

And lovely as the fairest sky,
That ever smiled at dawn,
When dewy roses waft their sweets,
Upon the summer morn.

Thine eyes! A tender ecstasy
Pervades my being now;
As I recall thy parting glance,
My pulses warmly glow.

GIVE ME THY SMILE

Give me thy smile; and oh, when life is lonely,
'Twill light the gloom, and bid all shadows flee;
It ever cheers me—let me have thine only,
And other eyes may turn away from me.

O, darling, do not grudge me this deep pleasure,
Which thou canst give, and never feel the loss;
But 'tis so dear to me, no other treasure,
Which ever-rolling waves of ocean toss,

Could buy from me the prize I fondly cherish;
Thy tender smile—oh, may it ever beam

Before my path, and other joys may perish,
Life still hath happiness, with this *one* gleam.

Give me thy smile; oh, give it free and often;
I think no cross will be so heavy then
I cannot bear it—thy dear smile will soften
The pressing weight, and bring me rest again.

Give me thy smile to-day and always, dearest,
O, do not keep from me life's radiant joy;
And while I know that thou art kind and nearest,
No earthly ill hath power to annoy.

Ah, yes, I *know* that thou dost smile upon me,
Even in thy thoughts while thou art far away,
And that sweet comfort leads me ever onward
To strive and look for one entrancing day.

August 9th, 1884.

WHISPER SOFTLY, DARLING

When the silent shades are falling
O'er the chambers of the west,
Then I hear thy sweet voice calling
From the dim and distant past.
When the twilight hour is creeping
On the fading day's decline,
Ever is my spirit keeping
Echoes of fond words of thine.

Whisper, softly, darling, as before,
Speak the words so dear to me of yore,
Let me in its music o'er and o'er
Hear thy voice in whispers low.

Hours of grief and hours of sadness
Leave their burden on my heart,
But the future's promised gladness
Soothes full many a cruel smart.
And thy words of hope that cheered me
In our parting's bitter woe,
To my loving heart endeared thee,
In the days of long ago.
Whisper softly, darling, once again,
Speak the words that lulled my spirit's pain,
But the prayer is uttered all in vain,
For thy form is far away.

Waiting—hoping for the lifting
Of the clouds that clothe our sky,
On life's ocean slowly drifting
Wide asunder you and I.
Ever an enchanting vision
Lights the shadows as they glide;
In love's sunny land, elysian,
We shall wander side by side.
Whisper softly, as when last we met,
Speak the words I never can forget,
They are fresh within my spirit yet,
Tho' you spoke them long ago.

OH, HEART, REJOICE!

The dreary winter days are over,
And brightly smiles the coming spring;
The merry birds in tuneful gladness
Make all the air with music ring.

The pure, sweet hyacinths are blooming,
And meek-eyed violets, so blue,
Nod modestly to passing zephyrs,
Along the paths the woodland through.

And sunny skies bring back the glory
We missed from dull and cheerless days;
And all the earth seems light and happy,
Lit by the brilliant, golden rays.

But, ah! I know 'tis not the beauty
Of earth or sky makes *me* rejoice;
It is the thought that *one* is coming
To claim me as his true heart's choice.

O, haste, fair Spring, and bring the hour!
But I can wait for bliss in store;
For soon, from stormy sea and danger
My loved one will return once more.

WHY LINGER, DARLING?

Why linger, darling? How sadly I wait,
Longing to hear thy light step at the gate;
Haste to the heart which is beating with fear,
Lest ill betide the one cherished so dear.

Why linger, darling? How slow creep the hours!
Coldly the moon glistens down on the flowers;
Brightly across the deep shades of the night,
Silver stars mingle their radiant light.

Why linger, darling? I sit here alone,
Listening, ever to hear thy kind tone;
O, with what joy would I greet thee, my love,
Happy as spirits who look from above!

Why linger, darling? The bliss which I prize,
Beams from the depths of your lustrous dark eyes;
Heaven to me is within your dear arms,
There I forget earthly cares and alarms.

Why linger, darling? I'm tired and would rest
In the safe shelter of thy loving breast;
If this poor head could recline there once more,
Quickly all sorrow and pain would be o'er.

Why linger, darling? My heart yearns for thee,
Full of fond love which is deep as the sea,
High as the heaven's most infinite heights,
Constant as Night with her thousand delights.

Why linger, darling? I want thee alone,
No other presence can charm as thine own;
Once more I hear the fond words that you speak,
And feel your kisses so warm on my cheek.

October 19th, 1885.

AT LAST!

The sky is bright, my heart is light,
The shade of gloom is past;
All fear is o'er. I greet once more
My loved one home at last!

With eager feet, I run to meet,
His passionate caress;
His arms entwine, oh, joy divine,
Which banishes distress.

He loves me well, his kisses tell,
What words could ne'er reveal;
My heart is glad, which late was sad,
What happiness I feel!

May 25th, 1885.

YOU CAME!

You came, and the Summer's glory
Shone with a fairer shine;
You came, and the old sweet story
Your fond eyes spoke to mine.

You came, and the long weeks weary,
When I had sighed for thee,
Seemed but a dream so dreary
When you were near to me.

You came, and a breath of sadness
Stole not through my soul's delight;
You came, and that moment's gladness
Will light the coming night.

You came, and my heart doth cherish
Each glance of your soul-lit eye,
And ne'er will the mem'ry perish
Till sleeping low I lie.

June 26, 1887.

ONCE AGAIN

I have seen thee once again,
And my heart forgot its pain,
When I looked in thy grey eyes,
Filled with love's sweet mysteries.

Eyes so tender, dear, and true,
Thrilling all my being through;
Life hath ne'er a joy for me
Dear as that I find with thee.

Once again thy fingers clasp
Mine with strong and fervent grasp,
And the sweetest mem'ries stay
With me through the happy day.

Once again the melody
Of thy voice entrances me,
And my heart is satisfied
When I see thee at my side.

Once again I feel a joy,
Pure and sweet, without alloy,
And I know your heart is true
As the evening's crystal dew.

Once again in bliss I rest
On your dear and faithful breast;
Grief can never come to me
While my heart is close to thee.

II

HOPES AND FEARS

ANTICIPATIONS

TO ANNIE

My heart is light, my song is gay,
My thoughts are full of joy;
And fancy wreathes the winged hours
With bright and sweet employ.

The days will pass, the weeks will go,
And I shall be with thee,
O happy thought! My pulse beats quick,
My heart throbs joyously!

When in the early light I wake,
And morning's voices call,
I think, perhaps, ere long I'll hear
Your voice in music fall.

When evening steals with silent tread
Upon the wooded hill,
Soft visions bring your face to me,
And all my pulses thrill.

I watch the sunlight on the fields,
And think my darling's smile
Will beam as bright and glad on me,
Perhaps ere a long while.

And still I wonder if you count
The days as I do now;

And does my image haunt the hours,
Or breathe my name so low?

O, do you think of me and sigh
To see my face once more,
Or does some murmur bring my name,
To cheer you o'er and o'er?

'Tis thus I think of *you*, dear one;
To look into your eyes,
Will warm my heart more fervently
Than fairest summer skies.

Then come, oh, happy moment come,
With happiness complete!
O, who can tell the perfect joy,
When loving hearts shall meet!

IS IT WRONG?

Is it wrong that my soul in its purest love
Should trust thee as wholly as God above?
Will a punishment come that my faith in thee
Is vast and deep as eternity?

Is it wrong that my mind, my heart and my will,
Should own thee my king and joyously thrill,
Whenever thy footstep greets mine ear,
And I hold my breath, your words to hear?

Is it wrong that your presence should make life
heaven,

Your love my heart's best treasure given,
To make me think no joy above,
Could buy from me your precious love?

Is it wrong that I think your heart is true
As the stars in the far-off evening blue—
When I lay my head on your broad, strong breast,
Is it wrong that my heart feels perfectly blest?

WHEN THE ROSES FADE

“When the roses fade,” you said, “I’ll come
With heart as true as now;
And seasons that go can ne’er o’erthrow
The strength of my faithful vow.

“When the roses fade, I will come to claim
The hand I hold in mine;
And you will be true as the steadfast blue,
While the stars unchanging shine.”

Ah, many a time have I watched the blight
Which the frost on the roses threw;
And autumns have past with their mournful blast
And their skies of leaden hue.

Though the summer's golden prime makes glad
The spirit free from pain—
From my lonely heart will never depart
The winter that doth remain.

IF I COULD KNOW

If I could know that sometime, far away,
Your heart steals thro' the halls of memory,
And lingers near an image still beloved—
My own—how sweet the tho't would be to me.

Are there some moments in the twilight dim,
When softest shadows rest about thy form,
Some sweet and hallowed thought recalls my name,
And stirs thy pulse with throbbings quick and
warm?

When gazing on the golden-tinted west,
You watch the glories of the sunset hour—
O, do you think of one who stood with thee,
Wrapt in the charm of love's delicious power?

If I could know one 'sweet forget-me-not
Blooms in the garden of your heart to-day
For me—I'd be content, nor mourn my lot,
Altho' thy precious form is far away.

October 27th, 1884.

IT CANNOT BE

It cannot be that we shall meet
 No more! Fate must relent
 To see the woe of two fond hearts;
 It surely will repent
 The stern decree which doomed our feet
 To walk so far apart,
 And some day grant me once again
 To clasp thee to my heart.

It cannot be, that shadowed hours
 Will linger all the way:
 And ever in my soul there lives
 A hope for some fair day.
 When sullen clouds and winter storms
 Give place to sunny skies—
 In contrast to the chilling gloom,
 Earth seems a paradise.

And so when I shall clasp thy hand
 Across the waste of years—
 In joy complete, my happy heart,
 Will soon forget the tears
 Which dimmed the eyes that once so longed
 To look upon thy face;
 While every grief and pain will flee,
 Within thy fond embrace.

COME BACK TO ME

My heart is sick with hope deferred ;
 I watch for thee with anxious fear,
And many a time I trembling start,
 While longing thy footfall to hear.
O linger not ; my soul is sad !
 How slowly creep the weary hours,
While storm-clouds clothe the sky in gloom,
 And darkness o'er my spirit lowers.
I cannot work, I cannot read,
 And while I sigh for thy return,
I cannot keep the tears away,
 I watch, and weep, and pray, in turn.
A dull presentiment of ill,
 Weighs heavy on my heart and mind,
And oh, if harm should come to thee—
 What anguish in the thought I find.
I long to see your face once more,
 And hear you speak the words I love ;
Return, return, dear heart, return !
 I watch and wait, while still you rove.

May 13th, 1885.

DARK DAYS MAY COME

Mayhap the sky will be less blue,
Not so serene and pure of hue,
On some dark morn in coming years,
When smiles will be exchanged for tears.

Grief comes with swift and sudden form;
The sunny noon may end in storm;
And hours that once were fraught with joy
May bring a heartache to destroy.

I ask not that my seasons 'round
May hold what none have ever found:
One perfect day without a night—
A summer that no frost can blight.

Yet still I crave *one* precious thing:
That thy dear love may closely cling
Around me when the days grow dark,
To cheer my way with one fair spark.

Ah, *then*, let come what will, and I,
Though angry waves beat wild and high,
Can yet endure the roughest sea,
If thou art only true to me.

WITHOUT THEE

Without thee, what would life be worth?
Each day would be the same:
A dreary, dark, eternal gloom,
Existence dull and tame.

Aye, more than that; the life which beats
And throbs with transport now,

Would be a weight I could not bear,
If death should touch that brow.

But ah, there is a sharper pang
Than death can ever give;
Its poisoned arrow tears the heart,
Where hope can never live.

It is to feel thy trust betrayed,
Requited with deceit;
The heart you love, a faithless thing,
Where traitor passions meet.

To know the lips your own have pressed,
Believing them so true,
Now whisper in another's ear
The words they spoke to you.

To know the dear and tender eyes,
Whose love-light filled your life
With gladness, beam no more for you;
This were a cruel strife!

But dearest, I believe you true
And faithful unto me,
It is my life's sweet hope and joy
That I may trust in thee.

TELL ME

Tell me, soft winds that woo the flowers,
Just waking from their long, long rest;
Doth one kind thought of me abide
Within my darling's loving breast?

Tell me, sweet birds, that flee at will
The stormy coast, for brighter skies;
Doth one tear for my loneliness
Bedim my loved one's deep, dark eyes?

O, say, fair stars, serene and pure,
That look within her heart of hearts;
Canst see ONE image held more dear
Than all else life's fair dream imparts?

O holy spirits, lingering
Beside her couch, through long night hours;
Doth some sweet dream of me bring smiles
To that fair brow? O mystic powers,

That float around her day and night,
And know what I can never know;
Tell her, that near or far, one heart
Enshrines her name o'er all below.

A TEST

I have pled for days together
For one word of hope from thee;
Can it be that after all, dear,
You can never care for me?

Tell me, little dark-eyed darling,
Will you miss me when I go,
Far from home and friends, to wander
In a land I do not know?

Will you breathe a prayer at evening,
For the wanderer's return,
Will his voice speak through the zephyrs,
While the stars at midnight burn?

When I go! O precious loved one,
How you weep upon my breast!
I will never leave you, darling,
On my heart your own shall rest.

Can you not forgive the *ruse*, dear,
Since it brought such bliss to me?
Ah, you smile! What joy and rapture,
Fill my soul with ecstasy!

June 1st, 1885.

FOR LOVE OR GOLD

Nellie was watching the sun sinking low
Over the fields, bleak and bare,
Softly the golden rays kissed her fair head,
Lighting the wavy brown hair.

And tho' the winter wind swept her bright cheek,
Brighter the roses still glowed;
Eyes dark and tender were eloquent then,
And half her sweet secret showed.

Then while she leans on the gate by the lane,
Hear what the ruby lips speak,
Half to herself, half aloud, for she thinks,
No one her rev'ry will break.

"That is a beautiful home on the hill,
Noble, and lordly, and grand;
Proudly the old mansion towers o'er all,
Surely the best in the land.

"Geoffrey, its owner and master, declares,
I may be queen at 'The Hall,'
If I will come as his wife, and his love,
Vows I am fairest of all.

"And he will deck me with satins and pearls,
Jewels shall shine in my hair,
Robes of the richest shall cover my form,
Such as an empress might wear.

“But oh, would my heart be content at ‘The Hall,’
Is Geoffrey the dearest to me?
Ah, why does my spirit grow sad at the thought,
Of *one* who would sorrowful be.

“Allan is poor and the cottage is small,
Yet I could work by his side,
Happy from morning ’til night with his love,
And oh, I will be his fond bride.

“While his true heart I will prize far above,
All Geoffrey’s gold could e’er buy,”—
Allan was standing beside her, and heard,
Bright beamed his passionate eye.

He caught the sweet form in his arms strong and bold,
“God bless you, my darling! my own!
I’m happy at last, and my prayer has been heard,
You love me, you love me alone!”

December 8th, 1884.

III

ESTRANGEMENT AND RECONCILIATION

IF YOU KNEW

If you knew that my heart was breaking
 For one kind word from you,
 Would you bend from your proud and lofty height,
 And cherish a love so true?

If you knew that my soul was longing
 For a glance from your azure eyes,
 Would you grant the fond unspoken prayer,
 Which breathes in yearning sighs?

If you knew that your cold indifference
 Was torturing one true heart,
 Would you wilfully still inflict a wound,
 Which throbs with cruel smart?

If you knew that you were worshipped,
 As some fair deity,
 O, would you still withhold the smile
 I crave so ardently?

WOULD YOU?

If we should stand alone, alone,
 On some deserted shore,—
 Would you look kindly on me then,
 Or careless as before?

If we should meet in foreign lands,
Where all was strange to thee—
Would you be glad to see my face,
Would you be kind to me?

If grief and pain were on your heart,
And I should prove your friend—
Would you relent for one short hour,
And one kind word extend?

O, would you let me be your friend,
Should I the boon implore;
Or turn aside, and doubt my zeal
To serve you o'er and o'er?

Sometimes in your dark glance I see
A light which thrills my soul,
And wildest waves of happiness
O'er all my senses roll.

But, ah, too often when we meet,
You scarcely look on me—
Perhaps I only dreamed that you
Were ever kind to me.

It may be that some power will touch
Your heart with tender spell,
And you will feel all I have felt,
More than mere words can tell.

December 28th, 1884.

DON'T TREAT ME COLDLY

Don't treat me coldly, darling,
I cannot bear your frown,
And when I meet your chilling glance,
My spirit is bowed down.

How can you be unkind, dear,
And know it breaks my heart?
You cannot fail to see my grief,
While bitter tear-drops start.

Oh, what is life without you,
I live for you alone;
But now the light is faded,
And happiness is flown.

Dear one, if I have grieved you,
I'll weep my fault away;
I would not pain you, darling,
For gems of golden ray.

Let me but see you smile, dear,
Give me one look of love,
There'll be no dearer joy than mine
Within the realms above.

April 17th, 1883.

A CLOUD

I think we ought to understand each other,
And yet I lack the power to explain;
There's some mistake—am I to blame, I wonder?
I've asked my heart the question o'er in vain.

I think we ought to understand each other;
Once I believed our spirits were akin;
And when we told our tho'ts and aspirations,
It seemed our natures were alike within.

It grieves me that cloud hath come between us,
It grieves me that I cannot see it right;
And you are sorry too, but make no effort,
Across the gloom to throw a ray of light.

You say that you are sorry, but I doubt it,
My heart will not believe you really care;
Am I astray? It is for you to lead me
Aright, and make the clouds to disappear.

When last we met, you seemed another creature,
So different from the one I once had known;
At first I tried to talk with oldtime freedom,
But soon my heart chilled 'neath your altered tone.

And then I know you put the wrong construction,
On everything I said or did that day;
And you, too, did some things that grieved me sorely,
And I could scarcely keep the tears away.

There's something wrong—but 'tis not in my power,
To set it right—you are the one to speak;
Sometimes I think I do not care one penny,
Tho' every tie that binds us two should break.

And yet—and yet—my heart will wander backward,
And sigh o'er friendship's torn and faded wreath;
Dear heart, I know my crushed and clouded spirit,
Will hold thy name e'en with my latest breath.

HAVE I LOST THY HEART?

The very thought doth make my spirit droop,
And every hope seems ready to depart;
No star above my lonely way I see,
If I have lost thy heart.

And I have prized thy friendship more than all
The homage other hearts could offer me;
And praises from a thousand were far less
Than one dear word from thee.

O, what is all the promise of the years,
To bring a brighter day and joy impart—
How can I look for any fairer hour,
If I have lost thy heart?

I know you loved me once, I read it oft
In your fond eyes, that could not speak untrue;
And even now 'tis sweet to think that I
Have *once* been dear to you.

I KNOW YOU WILL REGRET

I know you will regret this hour
When calmer moments come to you;
With bitter tears you will recall
The words that pierced a heart so true.

I know you will repent those words
With many a sigh of keen regret;
And if I could rejoice, 'twould be
To think that you can ne'er forget.

But nothing gives me pleasure now,
While that stern glance on me is bent;
But while those cruel words I hear,
Again I say, you will repent.

But when that gentle mood shall come,
And sorrow dims thy dark eye's ray,
Too late will be thy sighs and tears,
For then I shall be far away.

I will not plead with thee again;
I have a heart as proud as thine;
If thou canst break love's tender ties,
They shall not 'round my heart entwine.

IT WILL COME

Your heart is as cold and as hard
To me, as the nether millstone;
The holiest love of my own
Hath met but thy scorn for reward.

The friendship I offered to you,
With love that was faithful and pure—
All changes of fate could endure,
If but thy dear heart could prove true.

Ah, well, let it go, but some day
Thou'lt think of me kinder than now,
And e'en while repentant art thou,
Thou'lt sigh for the heart cast away.

And never will fortune bestow
A friend who will serve thee more true,
And sure as the loss thou must rue,
The tear from thy dark eyes will flow.

IS IT TRUE?

Is it true that the beautiful hours
Are gone from my life evermore,
That spring with its sunshine and flowers
No joy to my heart can restore?

Is it true we have parted forever,
To walk in our different ways,
Through seasons of gloom I may never
Behold thy dear eye's tender rays?

No thought of my sorrow will soften
Thy heart in its anger and pride?
Nor mem'ries of vows plighted often,
Will bring thee again to my side?

I know that you loved me as dearly
And truly as heart ever loved;
The truth in your eyes, spoken clearly,
A worshipful tenderness proved.

But now we are naught to each other;
Since you have forgotten your vow,
My love I will struggle to smother,
No mem'ry shall torture me now.

DISENCHANTED

I know thee now for what thou art,
And thank the fates, withal,
I see thee now with clearer eyes,
The scales at last did fall.

Once I believed no heart could be
So true and pure as thine;

And pleasant dreams of happy hours
Around thee did entwine.

That heart of thine's a fickle thing,
'Tis cold and selfish too;
How could I be one hour deceived,
By such an one as you?

I know thee now—but must confess,
I feel a sad regret,
And when I think of thee, I wish,
That we had never met.

AND THIS IS ALL

After all the fond, sweet visions,
After days of golden sheen,
We are parted, and forever
Lies a dreary waste between.

Like a stone, my heart is heavy
In the breast, where oft of yore,
One fair face hath shone; but never
Can the mem'ry glad me more.

For I hear thy words so bitter
Ringing ever in mine ear;
And I strive to rid my spirit
Of the thoughts which once were dear.

One regret I feel the keenest
In my lonely bosom now:
That our paths have crossed each other—
That I heard thy faithless vow.

May 29th, 1887.

FORGET ME

I would be glad to know, dear,
Your heart and life were free
From any mem'ry of the past,
That gave a thought of me.

For why should you remember
What can but give you pain?
The sweetness of those vanished hours
Can never come again.

Forget me—it is better
Than sighing over fate:
A happy day may dawn for thee—
It is not yet too late.

Forget that we have met, dear,—
Forget my memory;
While I shall strive to teach my heart
To think no more of thee.

FOR YEARS

For years I thought of none but thee,
And deemed thy heart was true to me.
No matter if Fate's winds blew chill,
Affection's roses blossomed still.

For years no thought could bring me joy,
Or for one hour my heart employ,
That did not mingle with the love
Which filled my life, all things above.

For years thy mem'ry was to me
As some fair, worshipped deity;
And every eve on wings of prayer
Thy name was borne to regions fair.

And holy angels heard me crave,
For thy frail barque, a tranquil wave,
And evermore I asked for thee
A sky of blue serenity.

And even yet—though all is changed,
And from my life thou art estranged,
I still may ask Heaven's care for thee,
Though thou art nothing now to me.

I DID NOT KNOW

I did not know, my darling,
'Til you were far away,
What filled the house with sweet delight
Thro'out the pleasant day.

I did not know, my darling,
That I could miss you so,
When I should watch in vain, to see
Your dear form come and go.

I did not know, my darling,
That I had spoken untrue,
When looking in your eyes, I said,
I did not care for you.

I did not know, my darling,
How dear you were to me;
And now my heart and soul are full
Of tender love for thee.

EVEN YET

After long years of cold and sad estrangement,
I cannot quite forget what you have been
To me in other days, and still my spirit
Doth closely hold the mem'ry of one scene.

Though years have past since last we met, some moments

Of happiness stand out amidst the wreck
That swept away our dearest hopes, but never
Can time, the spell love threw around us, break.

E'en yet, amid life's daily cares and duties,
Borne on the lonely winds of Autumn time—
I hear soft echoes of a voice that thrilled me,
In days that seemed so lovely and sublime.

I LOVE THEE STILL

I know that thy inconstant heart
Doth think of me no more;
Yet still thou art as dear to me
As in the days of yore.

I know that now another face
Is fairer in thine eyes;
But I can not forget thine, dear,
Till each fond memory dies.

And oh, I still would keep those hours,
Which brought such bliss to me,
Within my soul's secluded depths
Through all eternity.

I love thee still! The words awake
The echoes of sweet cords,

Which thrilled my heart-strings long ago,
With thy low, tender words.

I love thee fondly, dearly still,
Though thou art false to me;
Yet I would ask life's fairest skies,
And sweetest flowers for thee.

And may thy barque glide safely o'er
The billows of life's sea;
And sorrow never touch the cup
Which Fate extends to thee.

LONGING

Longing to look in your dear, dear eyes,
Longing to list to your soft replies;
Longing to sit by your side once more,
Happy as in the sweet days of yore.

Longing to know that your heart is true,
As the bright stars in the twilight blue;
Longing to hold you so close, my love,
That Fate could never one tie remove.

Longing to be as we once have been—
All to each other—no cloud between;
Longing to know that you love me yet,
And hear you say you will ne'er forget.

FORGIVE

Forgive me, darling! for no peace inhabits
The heart which sighs for one kind word from thee;
I take it back—the bitter, cruel word, dear,
I did not mean it then—O, smile on me.

Come back to me, and I will be so tender
Your heart cannot resist my pleading tone;
O, darling, you must know that now and ever
I love you, dear one, you, and you alone.

Forgive, forgive! the weight of woe upon me
Is crushing out all light and happiness;
One word from thee—one word of love, my darling,
And soon shall flee all sorrow and distress.

AFTER YEARS OF SADNESS

After years of sadness, we two meet again,
And a thrilling gladness banishes all pain,
I have knelt at even, whispering thy name,
Asking gracious heaven, thou might'st be the same.

Now thy bright eyes glancing with the old-time light
Set my heart to dancing with a sweet delight,
Years have made thee dearer than thou wert of yore,
And thy face is fairer even than before.

Darling, when we parted in the long ago,
I was broken-hearted with a crushing woe;
And the future, looming dim, and gray, and dark,
Every hope entombing, shed no cheering spark.

I have dreamed of gladness full and deep as this,
And it seemed but madness, e'en to hope for bliss
So complete; but leaning on thy faithful breast,
Now I know the meaning of content and rest.

LOVE CONQUERS

I thought you were unkind to me,
Your words seemed harsh and cold;
I said I never would forgive,
Or love you as of old.

You must have known the pain you gave
To speak to me that way,
And when I wanted to explain,
You scorned what I would say.

And when I called up all my pride—
I said I would not care
Or think of you, and from my heart
Your image I would tear.

I meant it then, and firmly thought
The parting was for aye;

But oh, what heavy sorrow filled
My spirit day by day.

And when you passed me coldly by
With strange averted look,
I thought you never could have cared,
And hope my heart forsook.

But when at last you come and speak
The tender words of yore—
Ah, where are pride and anger then
Which bore me up before?

And when you say you did not mean
To be unkind to me,
The heart long ready to forgive
Makes peace again with thee.

November 5th, 1885.

IV

CONSTANCY

YEARS HAVE NOT CHANGED

Years have not changed the heart I gave,
It beats for thee as fondly now,
As when we met in those bright days
And plighted love's sweet vow.

Years have not changed the pain I felt,
To hear the tender, sad farewell,
Breathed from the lips which oft had thrilled
My soul with magic spell.

Years have not changed the hope which shines
So fair above my lonely way:
It leads me through the heavy gloom
Of many a weary day.

Years have not changed the love which warms
My spirit now, to think of thee;
A love so pure and sweet must live
Through all eternity.

June 4th, 1887.

"HAVE YOU CHANGED?"

O would you could look in my heart's deepest chamber,
And see there a mem'ry too precious to fade;
I know you could trust me, tho' years come and linger,
And fate clouds the brightness its footsteps invade.

You ask, have I changed; I remember the promise
I made to you, dear, in the sweet long ago;
I said that my heart would be with you, my darling,
And cling to you ever, thro' weal or thro' woe.

I think of a morn in the beautiful autumn;
The golden sunbeams lit the sheen of your hair;
Our hearts beat with hope, and the future's dim path-
way
Seemed fraught with no tempest brave hearts would
not dare.

We laughed in high scorn at the power of the ages
To sever our spirits so blended in one;
And still I will cherish the ties that have bound us,
Till life's sun is set, and its short day is done.

Wherever you go, still my heart in its fondness
Will follow you, darling, thro' good or thro' ill,
And tho' kindred spirits must dwell far asunder,
Love soars on swift wing, and in thought mingles
still.

No, dear; I will answer in truest affection;
I still am the same in devotion to thee;
And, oh, life is bright with a beautiful beacon,
While knowing thy heart is still faithful to me.

NEVER

Never, while the ocean murmurs
Of a deep and nameless woe,
Will my spirit cease to cherish
Tender dreams of long ago.

Never, while the summer sunshine
Brings the splendor back to earth—
Can my heart forget the glory,
Which found in thy smile its birth.

While the summer skies remind me
Of the eyes I loved so well—
I must mourn the fate which drove us
In despair, to say "Farewell."

While I hear the zephyrs sighing,
In their low, soft melody—
Visions bring the happy hours,
When thy voice spoke love to me.

In each bright and glowing flower,
Which displays its charm and grace—
I recall the purer beauty
Of a fair and lovely face.

Never, never, while life courses,
With its warm blood through this heart—
Will the thought of thee, my darling,
From each hope and dream depart.

STILL THE SAME

Unchanged, of all the world, my little darling
Loves me as fondly as when first we met;
Her faithful heart thro' all life's ills and sorrows,
Beats true to me—I know she'll ne'er forget.

Still, still the same; while other friends have failed
me,
When darksome hours threw gloom across my way;
My little loving, tender, trusting darling,
Drew closer as the night shut out the day.

Still, still the same, tho' youth hath long departed—
And silver mingles with my raven hair;
The brow her tender lips kiss sweet and often
Is furrowed now with many a line of care.

But ever when I look back o'er my journey,
And feel her precious hand within mine own—
Thro' many years—I bless kind heaven that gave her,
To be my comfort, wipe my tears alone.

My love, my life, my queen, my dearest treasure,
Thy love doth bless life's calm and peaceful close,
And when our sun hath set, our kindred spirits,
Will mingle where the crystal river flows.

January 13th, 1885.

“DEAR LOVE, BE TRUE”

“O love, dear love, be true,
This heart is only thine;”
The song was beautiful to me,
But most this tender line.

It haunts me in my dreams,
And, through the waking hours
The sweet refrain comes o’er and o’er,
Like sighs of fading flowers.

“O, say to my love, be true,
Be only, only mine;”
A message sent from dying lips,
As life’s fond hopes decline.

And this would be my prayer
Unto that heart of thine;
Though we should meet on earth no more,
“Be only, only mine.”

Dear love, be true to me;
The same in life or death,
For in my heart thou art enshrined,
And with my latest breath,

I yet will say, “be true,”
For love can never die;
We’ll meet again, and feel no pain,
And love beyond the sky.

October 10th, 1885.

TRIED AND TRUE

I know of one devoted heart
That never from my own will part;
Though grief or gladness come to me,
That heart will ever constant be.

I know of one bright smiling face,
That lights my pathway's darkest place;
And when that face doth beam on me,
Storms lull to sweet serenity.

I know of one whose tender words
Are dearer than the song of birds,
That gentle voice is more to me
Than all the world's grand melody.

Through years of fickle fortune's wiles,
I've blest the sweet unchanging smiles
Of one who clung the closer still,
When fate's rude winds blew sharp and chill.

And though all other hopes decline,
If I can hold that hand in mine,
And see those eyes look love on me—
I yet can breast life's roughest sea.

February 11th, 1887.

ONE TONE OF YOUR VOICE

One tone of your voice would cheer me
In hours of the dreariest gloom;
And call back the visions long buried
Within the dim past's mouldy tomb.

One tone of your voice will awaken
The hopes that seemed dead long ago;
Again the soft radiance rises,
A beautiful halo to throw.

One tone of your voice doth recall me
The days that were sweetest and best,
When life flowed with smooth, even current,
On to the pure river of rest.

One tone of your voice in kindness,
(Ah, when did you speak else to me!)
Would lead me through wastes of the desert,
Or tempests of stormiest sea.

One tone of your voice would reach me
'Mid noises a thousand might make
All unheeded by me, but your accents
The tend'rest echoes awake.

Ah, rare is that melody given,
And few are the tones that I hear,
To brighten the shades of my journey
Along a path lonely and drear.

"THOU ART MY SPIRIT'S LIGHT"

In every thought, in every dream,
Thou art the star that fadeless shines,
And o'er my path its rays will gleam
Till life declines.

In every hope that gilds the gloom
Of shadowed hours—I see thy face;
And in the visions of my sleep,
Thy form I trace.

In every fond desire, my soul
Knows but *one* want, to be near thee;
While feeling that, earth's brightest joys
Are naught to me.

With thee I find a sweet content—
Peace folds her wings about my heart;
O, would that we could meet once more,
And never part!

TO THEE

The blue sky smiles almost like spring,
And merry birds on bare boughs sing;
The grass peeps out, though timidly,
But from these things I turn to thee.

To thee, yes, ever in my heart,
Though many a day we've dwelt apart;
Yet endless ages could not tear
From mem'ry's page, thine image dear.

To thee, my soul in longing turns,
And for thy presence fondly yearns;
The sweetest joy I ever see,
Is when I give my thoughts to thee.

February 5th, 1887.

TO M.

To-day the winter wind is bleak and drear
Upon the brown fields stretching out to view;
Yet love's bright summer ever seemeth near,
As in my spirit rise fond thoughts of you.

The earth may smile in gayest tints of spring,
And strains of melody float in the air;
Yet if the heart be sad, the dusky wing
Of gloomy grief, will linger everywhere.

So though the bitter winds may sigh and moan,
They cannot blight the flowers that fadeless grow;
Affection's roses, fresh and fragrant blown,
Still light the heart as in the long ago.

TO MYRA

While at your home among the "snow-clad hills"
Of that far northern clime—
Believe that with these words my true heart thrills,
As in the olden time.

And here, where southern breezes fan my cheek,
Blown from a southern sea—
The voices which through its low murmurs speak,
Recall *thy* voice to me.

The days have lengthened into months and years,
Since last we said good-bye;
And I have wept for thee with bitter tears,
And many a deep drawn sigh.

In pleasant memories I live again
The happy days of yore;
And ever will my spirit fond, retain
Within its treasured store

Each look of thy dark eyes, so dear to me,
Sweet eyes of softest brown;
Like stars above a wild and troubled sea,
They o'er my pathway shone.

And there was rest and happiness with thee—
Thy quiet, gentle ways,
Would calm me, and the stormy moods would flee
Before thy tender gaze.

I know you loved me, and when any grief
Would weigh upon my heart—
If I could go to thee, a sure relief
Would soothe the keenest smart.

O, there was pure, sweet sympathy from thee,
And dear the words you gave;
Shall we two meet again on life's great sea?
It is the boon I crave.

But oh, sweet friend, if we have said adieu,
Forever 'neath the sky—
I know that I shall spend the bliss with you,
Of God's dear By-and-by.

February 22d, 1886.

FORGET ME NOT

Forget me, forget me not!
Sweet friend, beloved of happier years,
Ere one soft cloud had come between,
To veil the light with tears.

Forget me not, forget me not!
O, give one little thought to me;
Remember that *one* faithful heart
Was ever true to thee.

Forget me not, forget me not!
For still I hold thy mem'ry dear;
And prize each tender word of thine,
Which no more charms mine ear.

Yet still within my spirit lives
Thine image in a hallowed spot;
And oh, sweet friend of happier years,
I pray forget me not!

July 2d, 1886.

YOU CANNOT FORGET

When soft hours of twilight recall other evenings,
And murmuring winds echo voices you love;
I know you will think of me sometimes, my darling,
And cherish my mem'ry wherever you rove.

You cannot forget that your heart's pure affection,
Was given to me in the dear long ago;
And I will remember life's happiest hours,—
A gleam of their brightness forever will glow.

When friends who were dearest to thee prove unfaith-
ful,
Requiting thy trust with deceit, treachery;
Your heart will remember *one* friend of the past time,
And tenderly then you will still think of me.

V

MEMORIES

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember, love, to-night
One Summer long ago,
When you and I together stood,
Beside the river's flow?

O, can I e'er forget that eve?
When looking in your eyes
Of softest brown, more beautiful,
Than fairest starry skies.

A light shone from their soulful depths
Which set my pulse on fire;
Hot kisses rained upon your cheek
From lips that could not tire.

O, darling, can your heart deny
That you were happy then?
No; tho' your love is cold to-night,
And buried deep I ken.

Yet still, I know from mem'ry's depths,
A vision oft will rise,
Of that dear hour, when you and I,
Stood 'neath the evening skies.

I THINK OF THEE

When crimson morning trails her robe of glory
Across the splendid chambers of the east,
I think of one whose smile illumines my pathway,
Like sunbeams o'er the shadowed hill-tops cast.

When full noontide lights every vale and meadow,
And mirth rings out on every passing breeze;
I sigh to think we'll sit no more together,
'Mid scenes as bright and beautiful as these.

When night's soft step brings slumber to the weary,
And bids the laborer be glad again,
To think of rest; no joy comes to my spirit,
For I must ever look for thee in vain.

At morning, noon, and night, my heart turns ever
To happy hours I spent, so long ago,
With thee; while years creep on I feel, my darling,
Those were the best that I shall ever know.

November 28th, 1884.

I HAVE THOUGHT

I have thought of the saddest days
That ever my heart hath known;
And I sigh even yet,
And strive to forget
The words that you spoke in harsh tone.

I have thought of the dullest days
That dragged on endless wing:
O days dark and drear
With nothing to cheer,
And dim was the light of the spring;

For thou wert removed from my sight,
While weary miles stretched out between,
I raised not my head
To list for thy tread,
And tears veiled the sorrowful scene.

I have thought of the brightest days—
O happy my heart to dwell
On the joys that were best,
When upon your warm breast
My head in its happiness fell.

I have thought of the dearest hope
That looks through the future gloom,
And it whispers of you,
While it bids me be true
And wait till the soft rays illumine.

I have thought of the season brief
That God gives to cruel Fate;
And the life sweet and long
With love true and strong
We find in the Beautiful Gate.

IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN

Amidst the swiftly passing throng, I saw
A face which haunts me ever in my dreams;
Methinks it was as purely sweet and fair,
As ever angel in a vision beams.
I heard a strain of low, soft melody,
Which thrilled my heart with rapturous delight;
'Twas borne away upon the zephyr's wings,
Tho' ever echoes thro' the silent night.

I strolled away from friends who loved me well,
Their voices wearied me with noisy chat;
I sought the lone beach by the throbbing sea,
Lured by the murmuring waves, for hours I sat.
When *one* dear friend had past from me for aye,
My soul was bowed with grief I could not tell;
O, if while she was here I had but known
That she would leave me! Ah, the sad farewell!

I stood beneath a high, steep mountain crag,
And gazed upon a flower which grew aloft:
My feeble arm could not secure the prize,
I thought of that sweet flower again, and oft.
Perhaps the "might have been" had wrecked our lives,
But still we breathe the words with many a sigh.
The things that soar beyond our earthly reach,
We watch with aching heart and yearning eye.

ONE HOUR

The brilliant autumn wood allured
Our all too willing feet;
The quiet path, with bright leaves strewn,
Was soft, and pure, and sweet.
The thick dark evergreens around
Adorned the scene so fair;
While gold and crimson mingled in
The beauty everywhere.
A sweet content stole o'er my heart—
A gladness full and deep;
I thought that grief would pass me by,
If I could ever keep
The happiness of that dear hour,
Through all life's after way;
Your eyes looked into mine, and seemed
The same sweet thought to say.
The outside world seemed far behind,
Its strife, and pomp, and pride,
And this another universe
Complete, with you beside.
To be my joy, my hope, my life.
What did I care for more?
And with your sweet words in my ear,
My cup seemed running o'er.
One hour of bliss for two fond hearts,
The one oasis bright,
Upon the desert waste of life,
The only way to light.

HOURS WE SPENT TOGETHER

The hours that we spent together
Were sweetest and brightest of all;
No shade of the dreariest weather
Our warm, happy hearts could appall.

The moments I lingered beside thee
Shine out from the gloom of the years,
Like stars through the dusk of the evening,
When day's golden beam disappears.

The light of thy love yet surrounds me,
For still I believe thou art true;
And sweet is the memory I cherish,
Of hours that I once spent with you.

WHEN LAST WE MET

I see your soft dark eyes before me,
And read the language of your soul;
A thrilling memory comes o'er me,
Which baffles all my will's control.

I live again that happy hour,
I feel your precious hand in mine,
And own a new delicious power,
Which stirs my heart with love divine.

Your bosom heaves with sweet emotion,
You speak in low and trembling tones;
While my heart's pure and deep devotion
Surpasses all this wide world owns.

Dear love, my spirit is o'erflowing,
With happiness, to be with thee;
One look of thine a wealth bestowing,
Beyond the gems of land or sea.

And oh, if fate should coldly cheat me,
And rob my life of love's delight,
While I might never meet or greet thee,
My heart oppressed with rayless night,

One gleam would steal across the sadness,
And cheer my lone and weary way,
In dreams would come a vanished gladness,
To live again one blissful day.

WATER LILIES

On the bosom of a silver river,
Where the moonbeams flashed across the tide—
Tranquilly we glided o'er the waters,
Dreaming of no ill that might betide.

Fair and beautiful life spread before us,
And we spoke of happy days to come,

When our love would rule the golden hours,
And her heart should find in mine its home.

And the pure, bright stars that smiled above us,
From the purple depths of summer skies,
Telling of a love that never changes—
Were not purer, brighter, than her eyes.

While the water lilies floated 'round us,
Lovely in their white and waxen fold,
One I gathered for my love; she pressed it
To her lips, and praised its perfect mould.

When she let it touch her lovely bosom,
'Twas not whiter than its resting place;
And I thought, could aught on earth be fairer
Than my darling in her youth and grace.

Half reclining on her seat, the beauty
Of her form shown in the soft moonlight,
And her dreamy brown eyes looking upward,
Made a vision all time cannot blight.

And my heart swelled with its proud possession,
How I prized her pure and peerless love!
With her face before me, life would ever
One entrancing dream of heaven prove.

Gently drifting o'er the rippling wavelets,
Only we two, in our little barque;

In her hair the snowy water lily
Gleamed amid the tresses rich and dark.

Ah, dear love, the sweetness of that hour,
Lives to torture me with endless pain;
And these memories can but remind me
Of the joys I cannot know again.

Weary years fraught with a weight of sorrow,
Sleep between me and that happy night,
While the water lilies bring before me
Once again that scene so fair and bright.

When we parted on that summer evening,
From her hair I took the drooping flower;
And I prize it still, tho' dry and withered
For it lived near *her* for one sweet hour.

Moonlit night and love's fond dream have vanished;
Silver wave hath changed to stormy sea;
And alone I drift upon the billows,
Toward the haven of eternity.

March 8th, 1886.

VI

SORROWS AND LOSSES

IN DREAMS ALONE

I think of thee, my darling,
While sad hours come and go,
And tho' thy form is far away,
Thy voice speaks soft and low.

I hear again each tone, dear,
Which once my spirit thrilled,
They linger 'round my heart's fond shrine,
And never will be stilled.

When in the quiet evening,
I sit from all apart,
I seem to hear the springy step,
Which once rejoiced my heart.

How often I have listened,
In days that are no more,
For *one* light step upon the walk,
About our cottage door.

But now—ah, never, never!
'Tis vain to hope for thee,
The light of joyous years gone by,
Can ne'er return to me.

AFTER THE PARTING

When the farewell words are spoken,
And the friend has passed from sight,
How the heart looks back with yearning
To a vanished season's light.

And we think with fond remembrance,
Of their virtues which arise,
Hiding every fault and failing
From our sad and tear-dimmed eyes.

And we pray that they will cherish
Kindly thoughts of us the while,
And forget the frown which met them,
When it should have been a smile.

Ah, how plainly do the visions
Of the past time rise to view!
With clear eyes we see each action,
Whether false, or pure and true.

And the memory of harshness—
If we e'er have been unkind,
Will awake to be the torment,
Of a deeply troubled mind.

It were better, yes, far better,
And might save a world of woe,
Would we try to live each hour
As the last we'd ever know.

As the last! ah, who can tell thee
That another breath is thine?
For thy sun may, ere the morrow,
Cease forever more to shine.

Sad farewells are ever breathing
On the winds that come and go,
And life's cruel, bitter partings
Make the sum of human woe.

But beyond the grief and sadness
Joy shall live without a smart;
In that land of pleasant meetings,
We shall know each faithful heart.

January 13th, 1887.

NEVER AGAIN

Never to clasp your hand again,
And feel my pulses thrill;
Whene'er I think we'll meet no more,
Mine eyes with sad tears fill.

Never again! Oh, never, dear,
Till time shall cease to be,
And then we'll meet to part no more,
Where grief can never be.

There where no sin can ever come,
And happy hours are sweet,

With love and light and joy and peace,
There, darling, we shall meet.

But oh, the way is lonely now,
While waiting for that day,
With sighs and tears I mourn to-night,
For joys now gone for aye.

How often in that blissful time,
Ere we had said good-bye,
I've thought no happier heart than mine,
Beat 'neath the fair blue sky.

And then I thanked God for your love,
And prayed it might remain,
But darling that sweet joy hath fled,
And left a throbbing pain.

Never again! Oh, do you know,
How those words make me weep?
But, dear one, tho' we meet no more,
Your face my heart will keep.

July 20th, 1884.

NEVERMORE

Thou art with me, loved and lost one,
Through the long and dreary hours,
And a vision ever cheers me,
Bright as summer's fairest flowers.

Eyes that beamed with joy and gladness
On me in the days of yore,
Shining through the falling darkness,
Thrill me sweetly as before.

In fond dreams her spirit whispers,
Of a precious, by-gone day,
But I wake to weep in sorrow,
For a bright and vanished ray.

In the soft hour of the gloaming,
When the shades so lightly fall—
In my grief I sit and listen,
As the bells of mem'ry call.

And a voice than music sweeter,
With its thrilling melody,
Breathing of dear hopes now shattered,
Speaks again fond words to me.

But I miss the clinging fingers
Of a hand within mine own;
When I reach to clasp her closely,
Ah, I am alone, alone!

September 27th, 1885.

NOT FOR ME

I cannot feel the joy and mirth,
Which gladdens other hearts,
For deep within my own there lives
A pain which ever smarts.

The merry holidays recall
A pleasant time ago;
When one beloved was at my side,
My star, my queen, my own!

Now, sleeping 'neath the midnight star,
That form is hid for aye;
And all the Christmas tide I weep,
For Annie, past away.

I wonder if as seasons go,
And years pass in their flight,
My life will ever know again
The rapture and delight,

Which once I found in her dear smile.
The love she gave to me,
Made sun-shine round my path, and lit
With glory all the way.

But now "the light of other days"
Can only come in dreams,
'Til I awake on that fair morn,
Whose light forever gleams.

I AM WAITING

I am waiting, darling, waiting,
In the gloom and shades of night;
Waiting for the golden dawning,
And the flash of heavenly light.
Will you come to meet me, loved one,
As I linger at the gate,
Shall I hear your spirit calling,
While for you I sadly wait?

I am lonely, oh, my darling,
And I miss your angel smile;
But methinks I hear you saying,
"It is but a little while,
Ere I come to bid you welcome,
To the land of perfect day;"
While I grope along in darkness,
O'er the rugged earth-worn way.

I am waiting, oh, my darling,
For the morn that must appear,
When this weary life is ended,
With its hours so sad and drear.
I shall have thee, I shall hold thee,
Thro' the long eternal bliss!
In the rapture of that dream-life,
We'll forget the pain of this.

July 23, 1883.

VII
SEASONAL

AGAIN

Again the soft, sweet breath of Spring
Calls into life the grass and flowers;
And smiling skies enhance the charm
Of these delightful hours.

The trees in delicate array
Of freshest green are nodding now,
And whisper to the balmy winds
Which fondle each young bough.

The days are beautiful and fair,
And joy dispels the mist and gloom,
While Hope speaks through the bursting buds
And glows in every bloom.

The streamlets dance in mad delight,
To see the woods so bright and gay,
And purple pansies lift their eyes
To woo us on our way.

The air is full of melody,
With songs that thrill the deepest chords
Of hearts that love the good and pure;
And these unwritten words

Speak to the inmost soul of bliss,
That waits us in a higher sphere,
And sometimes we may even have
A foretaste of it here.

And then we have a lesson sweet,
Returning with the birds and flowers,
And o'er and o'er a voice repeats,
"Wait for the golden hours."

O, life is full of happiness—
It lurks in every passing breeze,
And on the wings of every hour
There is some charm to please.

And if the earth can be so fair,
So lovely to our mortal eyes—
What must that other land be like,
Beyond the starry skies?

April 24th, 1886.

THE BIRD'S SONG

The sky above was dark and drear,
The wild rains swept the earth,
While storm-clouds hung low overhead,
And hushed the sound of mirth.

I watched the gloom and sadness come,
The brightness fade away;
A chill crept o'er me standing there,
And on my spirit lay.

But when the mist and clouds had fled,
The rain-drops ceased to fall,
The bracing air was fresh and pure,
And gave a joy to all.

And when the shining sun came out,
To light the earth again,
The brilliant beauty charmed my gaze,
Of wood, and hill, and plain.

The crystal drops like diamonds lay,
Upon the grass and flowers;
The scene was like some happy dream,
'Mid vernal fairy bowers.

I stood entranced, bewildered, lost
In joy I could not tell;
The bright blue sky, the sparkling earth,
Held me with magic spell.

Another heart awoke in glee,
A little songbird came;
He fluttered on a bough near by,
His gladness to proclaim.

O, shall I e'er forget that song,
My heart thrilled at each strain;
While from his tiny throat was poured,
A soft and sweet refrain.

Then wild and free he caroled on,
A lay of love and peace,
The full and liquid music rolled,
In waves of happiness.

That blithesome lay seemed all for me,
It bade me too rejoice,
I could not fret and mope and pine,
While listening to THAT voice.

O, sweet bird, sing your song again,
When I am sad and lone,
I linger 'mid the busy cares,
To greet your cheering tone.

And if there be another heart,
Like mine, too often sad,
Go trill that song you sang for me,
And bid that heart be glad.

July 19, 1883.

PASSING AWAY

Softly, slowly, fade the golden hours,
Bearing from our sight on gentle wing,
One by one, the sweet expiring flowers,
Which awoke beneath the kiss of spring.

Silently the changing leaflets fall ;
But the autumn tints are very fair ;
And the mystic voices softly call,
From the forest dim, and hazy air.

Ah, if we might keep these perfect days !
But the fairest are the soonest fled ;
And the joys we prize depart always,
Ere their fullest charm on us is shed.

But the Father in His boundless power
Formed us for a better life than this ;
And when blighting winds chill pleasure's hour,
Then our spirits sigh for purer bliss.

Oft I sit and watch the sunset glory,
Flooding all the west with red and gold,
And my heart repeats the beauteous story,
Of that land whose joys are never old.

When some happiness thrills pulse and being,
And I sigh with pleasure and content
Ere my heart is satisfied, 'tis fleeing,
And I mourn o'er bliss so quickly spent.

But my soul is lifted e'en in sadness,
Far beyond these fading scenes of earth,
To that home of fairest light and gladness,
Where all joy must ever have its birth.

August 21st, 1884.

ALL DAY

All day I have watched the snow-flakes fall
From the low clouds' silent wings,
And my heart goes back to the long ago,
When I played in the soft white things.

I feel once again the delight that entranced
The hearts of us children at home,
At sight of the first dancing flakes in the air,
We'd shout for the others to come.

"O brother, O sister, look, see on the ground,
I told you 'twas going to snow!"
And screaming with joy, we would dance in the winds,
And chase the large flakes to and fro.

All day I have thought of that bright, happy time,
While my heart cries: "Come back, joyous years,"
But I know that the sweet by-gone days are no more,
Tho' wooed with our sorrowful tears.

I look from the casement as hours pass away,
And think that my life's early day
Was pure as the beautiful snow on the hills,
So soft and so white far away.

January 9th, 1883.

GREETING

The holidays are now at hand,
And many friends in joyous band
Will lovingly each other greet,
But you, I may not hope to meet.

But darling, as when last we met
Your image is as vivid yet;
Dear as in days of long ago,
And years in vain their shadows throw.

I wish you joy, I wish you peace,
And long, long life and happiness;
A bright and merry Christmas day,
And pleasures that will come to stay.

May not one shade of sorrow blight
Your gentle spirit's pure delight,
And just one little thought of me
Steal o'er thy soul's serenity.



VIII
SPIRITUAL

WITHIN THYSELF

Why let thy heart be downcast,
And brood o'er vexing ills,
Till life seems but a burden,
And gall its chalice fills?

The discontented spirit
Can always find a cause
To murmur, e'en regardless
Of God's unchanging laws.

He bids us be submissive
To every portion sent,
Believing it is better
That joy and grief are blent.

The bright and happy hearted
Serve best His purpose here,
And sadder ones may borrow
From them a smile to cheer.

WHY?

Oft we ponder o'er life's mystic winding,
Through a labyrinth of hidden ways;
But the secret thread is past our finding—
Mortal minds must give it up always.

When the cup of joy is rudely shattered—
Dashed from eager lips by Fate's stern hand;
Why, oh, why, we ask, are blessings scattered,
Thus so soon to vanish from life's strand?

Why are human hearts so full of longing,
Which no earthly good can satisfy;
Why do visions beautiful come thronging,
Almost in our grasp, and swiftly fly?

Why do dreams of happiness torment us,
When the waking brings such bitter pain;
And the failures of our hopes dement us,
While we sigh, that life is all in vain?

Yet beneath the mystery and sighing,
Deep within the chambers of the soul,
Speaks a voice: "The mists will soon be flying
And thine eyes shall read the hidden scroll."

ALL WILL BE RIGHT

In the land where angels dwell,
And peace like a river flows—
We shall rest from our toil and care, for aye,
Free from life's sorrows and woes.

The light shall glow with a thousand rays,
And joy in each brilliant beam

Shall gladden the wings of the hours that come,
And glide like a beautiful dream.

The dealings of Fate are a mystery here,
We ponder, we fret and we sigh,
And question the ways of a troublesome road,
But all will be right in the sky.

The heart that has bled, for a cruel word
Spoken harshly, with cold disdain,
From lips that once were gentle and kind—
Shall find a balm for its pain.

And soon we shall pass to the other side,
Where heart-aches never come;
And looking there, we forget our griefs,
To think of that peaceful home.

HAPPINESS

Is it found in halls of splendor,
Where fortune seems to smile;
And riches of gold and luxury's fold,
With comfort and plenty beguile?

Can a brown-stone front bar entrance
To shafts from Death's sure bow,
Who rules our fate at the mystic gate,
Which opens for all below?

Can the form enrobed in garments
Which softest sheens adorn,
Feel no dull ache of sad heart-break,
Or dainty feet, no thorn?

Can fame, or wealth, or glory,
Supply the soul's deep crave?
Or gold restore the joy once more
Hid by a lowly grave?

A fair and bonnie season,
A summer brief and bright;
Then chilling frost, and sweet flowers lost,
By winter's cruel blight.

Each life must bear its burden,
Each bosom bear its pain;
And God's behest is surely best,
Nor is life all in vain.

January 30th, 1887.

THY PORTION

Think not thy heart hath more of grief
Than's best for thee to bear;
Or that one single throb of pain
Is more than thy just share.

Think not to walk a rose-strewn way
With Jesus for thy guide;

The path He trod was fraught with death
Up the steep mountain side.

Think not earth's pleasures worth a sigh
From one who hopes to gain
The peaceful shore of paradise,
Beyond life's stormy main.

O, RESTLESS HEART

O, restless heart, crush back thy ceaseless sighing
And longing after what can never be;
Why beat against the bars till torn and bleeding?
Some day a tender hand will set thee free.

O, heart impatient, wait a little longer;
Life does not hold the peace for which you sigh;
But in the spirit-land sweet rest is promised
To those who pass the portals of the sky.

Why fret thyself o'er the inevitable,
Or weep for things which were not meant for thee?
For what thy soul doth lack to make it happy
Is waiting in a sweet eternity.

And even if thy hand could grasp the treasures
Which seem the best and brightest to thee now—
Thy heart's desire might prove a curse so bitter,
That to the end of life thy tears would flow.

For oft the thing we long for with heart burnings,
Brings only gall and wormwood in its train;
So heart, be satisfied till Heaven gives thee
A joy that never feels a throb of pain.

NOW!

O, do not keep the tender word
For some far distant day,
Perhaps it never may be heard,
The friend may pass away.

O, give the smile of gladness now,
To-morrow may not come
To that dear friend, the cold white brow
May rest within the tomb.

O, cheer the heart that warmly beats
With quickening pulse for thee,
Love's story, tho' it oft repeats,
Will ever welcome be.

And when Death's silent hand hath sealed
A life that's dear to thee,
Thy cold neglect will be revealed,
And sad thy heart shall be.

Then let each word and action prove
To those about thy way,

A tender care, a faithful love,
Expressed from day to day.

November 6th, 1883.

THERE IS WORK FOR TO-DAY

Do not waste the precious hours
That are given thee to-day,
In regretting and repining
O'er a season past away.

Think not of the moments wasted,
But perform the present task,
For to-night may come the Master,
And of thee thy talent ask.

Rosy morn and golden noon-tide
May have past in idleness,
But there still is call for workers,
And the Father waits to bless.

Look not back, for God in mercy
Blots the foulest stain away,
If we seek, with true repentance,
To redeem the time to-day.

February 20th, 1888.

LEARN TO ENDURE

Canst thou expect to pass through life
With ne'er a care or cross;
And think that all must be thy gain—
To never feel a loss?

While others bend beneath a load
Of disappointments here—
Canst *thou* look for a special fate,
Which will *thy* portion spare?

Learn to endure—for grief must come
To every human heart;
And thou upon the stage of life
Must surely act thy part.

Learn to endure—the tempest beats
Upon the little tree,
And drives the roots down in the earth,
That it may stronger be.

Learn to endure—and bear thy cross,
As soldiers, true and tried;
Trust Him who gives a crown of life,
Upon the other side.

Learn to endure—and as thy day,
So shall thy strength be given;
And when life's warfare ends, thou'lt find,
A peaceful home in Heaven.

November 22d, 1884.

SO OFT WE FORGET

So oft we forget many blessings of life,
When weary of toil, and of struggle and strife;
And only recall what is heavy to bear,
Nor think of the days that were sunny and fair.

So oft we forget to be thankful; no fear
That God will withdraw some dear gift doth appear;
But if we are careless of blessings to-day,
To-morrow may carry some treasure away.

So oft we forget that a Father above
Is guiding the steps of His children in love;
In grief or in gladness—in joy or in pain,
While He is beside us, no path is in vain.

So oft we forget He is willing to share
The heaviest load that His creatures can bear.
The bitterest cup that affliction can send
Is sweet from the Hand of a dear loving Friend.

WAIT

When sorrow falls upon thee,
And all the way is dim,
Then raise thine eyes above and watch
The cloud with silver rim.

There's light beyond the shadow,
There's joy behind the pain;
And when the tempest spends its power,
The brightness comes again.

One day the rain is falling,
We sigh, "alas, how dull!"
The next is fair, and fills our hearts
With gladness deep and full.

And so life's joy is sweeter,
That we must taste the gall;
So let us not repine and grieve,
But take our share of all.

August 2d, 1884.

AFTER

After weary years of waiting,
For a pleasant, peaceful time;
We shall find it over yonder,
In that ever sunny clime.

After many a pain and heartache,
Over joys that fade and die;
We shall find them brighter, purer,
In that home beyond the sky.

After fate's cold hand hath blighted
Every flower in Hope's fair crown;
We shall walk thro' Eden's bowers,
Where the sweetest buds are blown.

After cruel partings sever
Hearts that loved each other well,
They shall meet to love for ever,
In a rapture none can tell.

January 27th, 1885.

AFTER THE STORM

After the storm-tossed billow,
Beating the barque in its wrath—
Cometh a morn when the sunlight
Glistens a clear, tranquil path.

After the roar of the tempest,
Making the bravest to quake—
Cometh a day that is peaceful
And soft as the moon-lighted lake.

After the spray of the mad sea,
Dashing its fury around—
Comes the sweet lull of its fretting
When pleasant its murmurings sound.

After the terrible struggle
Of Life 'mid the horrors of Death—
How sweet is the shimmer of sunshine
Upon the still waters beneath.

And thou, who art weary of breasting
The breath of a merciless blast
On life's surging sea—brace thy spirit,
The storm will be over at last.

A LITTLE WHILE

A little while, and gloom shall change to glory;
The light of golden morn shall crown the hills;
Each new-born day repeats the sweet, sweet story,
Which ever with delight the spirit thrills.

A little while life shall be thine to labor;
Then do the good you can, though small it be;
If but a kind word spoken to thy neighbor,
'Twill live to bless thee in eternity.

A little while shall griefs thy heart embitter,
With deep regret for things that "might have
been";
Thine eyes shall soon behold the golden glitter
Of things that shine with fairer, purer sheen.

A little while, and wildest billows roaring
Shall hear the "Peace be still," and tranquil lie,
And thy saved soul, in happiness, be soaring
Above fierce waves and dark, storm-driven sky.

A little while, and loved ones may be taken
To join the beautiful, white-robed throng;
On some sad morn, thy lone heart may awaken
To miss the love-lit eyes and happy song.

Then, oh! be kind and gentle while they linger,
And let no sullen frown meet love's soft smile;
It may be, Death will come with silent finger,
And steal thy treasures, ere a little while.

FOR A NIGHT

Weeping will not last forever,
Soon the night will pass away,
And the morn will dawn in gladness,
Ushering a joyous day.

Only for a night; be patient,
Trust the promise of the King;
Far above time's barren hill-slopes,
Golden morn is glittering.

In the morning joy awaits thee;
Brace thy heart a little while;

O'er the deep and gloomful shadow,
Radiant dawn doth faintly smile.

When the weeping and the sorrow,
Leave thy spirit sore and sad—
Then a beautiful to-morrow,
Will restore and make thee glad.

SOMETIME

I know that sometime we shall meet again,
I feel this parting will not be for aye,
And something seems to whisper o'er and o'er
That thou wilt come again on some bright day.

The memory of those bright hours will last,
To cheer the weary years that intervene;
I cannot, if I would, forget your face,
Tho' storms and tempests loom, 'twill shine between.

And oh, if you are happy far away,
And sometimes think of me with tenderness,
I'll try to be content, and ask for you
God's care, and may He ever keep and bless.

Perhaps some day I'll clasp thy hand again,
And look into your eyes with perfect trust,
And feel you have been true to me thro' all,
As I will ever be, till hearts are dust.

It may be that Death's hand will seal the fate
Of one of us full soon; in some fair clime,
Where silvery waters glide, and roses bloom,
And happy spirits dwell, we'll meet sometime.

May 29th, 1884.

IN THE NIGHT

Father, the way is dark and sad before me,
I cannot see the light of coming morn;
I wait and hope, but sorrow's night is o'er me,
Oh, when shall break the golden, joyous dawn?

The night is long and shadows still are falling,
But if I feel Thy loving presence near,
What tho' the hours be long and sad, appalling,
My heart shall rest till morning light appear.

And Thou, O Father, in thy love and kindness,
I pray Thee smile on those so dear to me,
And grant that they thro' mists of human blindness,
Thy Hand in mercy still may feel and see.

The fevered brow and throbbing pulse are burning,
Oh, on them, Father, lay thy healing Hand,
I can do naught, but still my heart is yearning,
For loved ones in a distant, stranger land.

O, if I may but feel this night of sorrow
Will bring a bright and gladsome day to me,
How meekly will I wait the coming morrow,
Nor murmur, tho' the waiting long may be.

MIZPAH

Though we are parted, darling,
The Lord will watch between,
And ever in my dreaming,
Will rise this last sad scene.

Both sad and sweet, my darling,
You show me now your heart—
'Tis sweet to know you love me,
But it is sad to part.

The Lord will watch between us—
Between my heart and thine;
Look up, beyond the shadows,
The star of Hope doth shine.

The Lord will watch between us,
Until we meet again;
And I will ask Him, ever,
To keep your heart from pain.

Farewell, my precious darling,
Fate's mandates intervene;

But whether near or parted,
The Lord will watch between.

August 4th, 1885.

SUN AND SHADE

With pleasure full and deep we drink life's nectar,
In halls of gladness, with the loved of earth;
But in some dreary hour a lonely spectre
Will stand beside us in our spirit's dearth.

Sometimes the sweet fruition of our dreaming
Will fill our souls with joyous ecstasy;
But in the day's fair noon, the radiance gleaming
Will change to blackest gloom about our way.

And even at life's best—there yet is wanting
One little thing to make our *bliss* complete;
And tho' to-day doth shine with light enchanting,
To-morrow's shade thy saddened heart may greet.

But oh, there is a day that knows no waning,
And gladness freights the wings of sunny hours;
Love, joy, and happiness, forever reigning,
Fill those fair realms of ever blooming flowers.

September 18th, 1886.

WHAT DOES IT MATTER?

Why art thou sad? The night is swiftly passing,
And o'er the hills the golden gleam appears;
Cease sorrowing and look beyond the shadows,
There's joy for thee, oh, dry thy falling tears.

There never was a grief so deep, so bitter,
That could resist the balm from God's kind hand;
And though thy fairest star hath set in darkness,
'Twill beam with purer light in heaven's land.

What does it matter, though thy hopes be shattered;
God gives whatever will be best for thee;
O, trust Him in the gloom as in the sunlight,
And sometime thou shalt read life's mystery.

JOY AFTER PAIN

Be not cast down because the sky is clouded;
Trust God to bring thee to the light again.
The heart which now in shadow is enshrouded
May yet rejoice, or ere the day shall wane.

The Providence that holds each life in keeping
Doth overrule the tide of destiny;
So with a trusting faith we walk, tho' weeping,
Thro' darkness, waiting till the gloom shall flee.

For sure as sun and moon hold still their courses,
And summer follows winter thro' the years,
Our Father will, from out His vast resources
Find joy to compensate for all our tears.

IT IS ENOUGH

It is enough for us to know
That God directs our way,
And though the path be rough and steep,
Let naught our hearts dismay.

It is enough for us to hear
Our Father say, 'tis best,
And feel His Hand within the vale
Where darkest shadows rest.

It is enough for us to know
That Jesus loves us still,
And trod the thorny path of life
To do His Father's Will.

PEACEFUL PATHS

It is not here we hope to tread the way
Of flower-strewn paths, by which clear streamlets play,
But from life's rugged height we lift our eyes,
And view the verdant slopes of paradise.

The pleasant ways we may not hope to reach
Till heavy cares, and many a trial teach
Our feet the way Christ walked for us before,
And help us understand the grief he bore.

But soon the pains we bear will be forgot,
Beside the peaceful paths where grief comes not;
And ever more, where cooling waters flow,
We'll rest in joy—no sorrow e'er to know.

TO-DAY

Grace for to-day, my Father,
Is what I ask of Thee;
To-morrow with its grief or pain,
May never come to me.

Strength for this day and hour,
O, grant me from on high,
And let me feel each moment,
That Thou, my God, art nigh.

Help for to-day, O Father!
I know the present pain
Will vanish with the hours that go,
And never come again.

So, if Thou'lt help me daily,
To conquer present foes—

I'll brave each ill, nor faintly dread,
Imaginary woes.

To-day will soon be over,
I ask for strength this hour,
Life's deep temptations crowd my way;
Give me of Thy great power.

Help me to keep harsh language
From lips too prone to err,
And may my deeds be ever kind,
As Thine, my Saviour, were.

O, let me speak some comfort,
To cheer the heart in grief;
And may my hand be ever free,
To minister relief.

Strength for to-day, O Father!
To-morrow may not come;
My heart may then be resting low,
Within its silent home.

February 7th, 1884.

LEAD ME

I cannot tread the path alone;
It is too dark for me.
O, let me feel the guiding hand
Through doubt and mystery.

The pleasant flower-strewn way hath changed
To thorns that pierce my feet ;
And bitter to my soul the cup
Which was at first so sweet.

The things I thought most beautiful
Have faded from my sight,
And 'round my heart Grief folds her robe
Of deep and starless night.

O, what is there that life can give
That will not pass away ?
The best and brightest of its joys
Die like the summer day.

So, Father, I would fix my heart
On things that do not fade,
And wait for peace and happiness
Beyond life's mist and shade.

O, lead the weary, faltering steps
Of this, thy child of care,
And let me trust thee till I see
The gleam of mansions fair.

WHY LOOK BACK?

Along the track of years gone by,
Why look with sad and tear-dimmed eye,
And moaning o'er a misspent day
Neglect to guard the present way?

The past with all its blots and stains,
And fraught with sorrows, griefs, and pains,
Were better left to sleep entombed
With dreams that once our lives illumed.

We have not one brief hour to spare
In brooding o'er the things that were;
For even now, some chance may be
To light some sad heart's misery.

Our Father's hand in mercy blots
From every contrite soul its spots,
If day by day we seek the fount
Which flows for us from Calvary's mount.

TIME, THE HEALER

'Tis true that Time will soften
The keenest pain at last,
But many a pang will torture,
Ere sorrow's day is past.

'Tis true, as Time creeps onward,
The ashes of the years
Will bury haunting mem'ries,
And dry the bitter tears.

The wounds that deepest rankle
Will sometime cease to sting,
When drop by drop Time slowly
Its healing balm doth bring.

But there is one Physician
Whose tender Hand will heal
To-day, the saddest sorrow
That human heart can feel.

Bring now thy broken spirit,
Lay bare thy smarting pain;
Come to the fount of mercy—
Thou wilt not come in vain.

“WHAT TIME I AM AFRAID”

When the sky grows black above me,
And the waves roll high—
Sweetly then I hear the whisper:
“Fear not, it is I.”

And that voice can pierce the thunder
Of the tempest wild;

And it cheers the fainting spirit,
With its accents mild.

When the night of sorrow finds me
On a desert strand;
And I wander, lone and weary,
Through a shadowed land;

Yet, I still will trust Thee, Father,
Though I am afraid,
And Thy hand will lead me safely
Through grief's darksome glade.

When the friends beloved shall fail me,
And false hearts grow cold—
Then my soul shall drink the sweetness
Of that story old.

So my heart can bear the sorrows
Of life's fleeting day;
For heaven doth reveal the pleasures
Dreamed along the way.

BEAUTIFUL DAYS

Beautiful days of the years long departed,
Ever your memory awakens regret;
When the sad winds of the autumn pass by me,
Whispers a voice I ne'er can forget.

When purple tints make the air soft and hazy,
When the sky glows with a beautiful blue,
Then a loved face beams amid the gold glory,
With earnest eyes that were lovely and true.

When the sun shines with a light deep and mellow,
Breathing a spell that is both sweet and sad;
Once more I see the dear smiles that delighted,
Thrilling a heart which was thankful and glad.

Come back, sweet years, for my spirit is lonely,
Sadly I sigh for one taste of lost bliss;
Why did ye vanish so quickly, and leave me
Only the memory of love's tender kiss?

Hands that caressed me are cold now, and folded
Over the bosom which once beat for me;
Lips that returned warmest kisses, can never
Utter my name in love's low melody.

Days of the past, lost and faded forever,
Come with sweet visions and memories to me;
Once more I live o'er dear hours that are buried
'Mid the wild waves of life's dark rolling sea.

Over the tide, in that beautiful Haven,
I shall reclaim all the joys I have lost,
Purer and sweeter they wait for me yonder,
Where I shall sing with the glorified host.

October 10th, 1884.

IN THE STILL, SOFT NIGHT

Oft in the fragrant summer eve,
I sit apart and gaze aloft
Upon the jeweled world afar
And spirit voices whisper soft.

The tender night winds, breathing low,
Seem echoing a distant tone
Of words that stir a thrilling hope,
Within a bosom sad and lone.

Methinks the quiet, peaceful hours
May sometimes woo them from that land
Of light, to come a little while,
And even touch our cheek and hand.

They loved us here—they love us still,
For well we know love never dies,
More pure and sweet, and deep and strong,
They'll find their love beyond the skies.

If, after long and weary years,
While buffeted by Fate's rude blast
And torn with many a cruel thorn,
Our hearts should love them to the last,

How much more will their gentle souls
Be true to e'en our earth-born love,
In that pure clime, where every breath,
And thought and glance, love ever prove.

Thus, in the still, soft night, my soul
Soars out beyond the moon and stars,
Far, far above what eye can reach,
And faith the mystic gate unbars.

Within the gem-starred walls I stand,
Washed in the fount that leaves no stain,
And with my harp tuned for His praise
I join the holy, heavenly strain.

HER SPIRIT COMES

Her gentle form, so angel-like,
Hath vanished from my sight for aye,
Yet still within my spirit's depths
It shines with pure and constant ray.

And every tender word she spoke
To me in blissful by-gone hours,
Is dear unto my lonely heart,
As summer rain to drooping flowers.

And when in weariness and woe,
I weep to hear her speak again—
Her spirit comes and bids me hope
To meet her o'er life's stormy main.

February 27th, 1886.

WE SHALL MEET AGAIN

In the realms of glory,
Where no grief can come,
And the Day is Golden,
She has found a home.
Where no shade can ever
Darken her fair brow,
By the shining river,
She is happy now.

But my heart is lonely,
And I miss her so;
Can I live without her,
All my life below?
Oh, my Father, help me!
She was very dear;
Let me feel, O Father,
That she is still near.

Let her spirit guide me
Through life's changing scene,
And her love surround me,
Like a charm between.
And when dark temptations,
In weak hours assail,
If I feel her presence,
I shall never fail.

And I know that sometime,
I shall meet her there,
Where are many loved ones,
In that home so fair.
When life's tide shall bear me
Toward the golden main,
'Twill be heavenly rapture,
To think we'll meet again.

September 29th, 1884.

DEATH IS KIND

When we look upon the features
Of a friend forever still,
We forget their faults and failures,
Kindest tho'ts our bosoms fill.

And if we have ever cherished
Harsh or bitter memories
Of the cold, dead form before us—
Standing here, all malice dies.

When we know the soul is kneeling
At the judgment throne on high,
We would ask for them that mercy,
Which we hope for, bye and bye.

And we mutely ask forgiveness,
If we ever caused him pain,

And our hearts relent and soften,
Tho' repentance be in vain.

So when Death shall seal the record
Of our own imperfect lives,
Then the friend estranged will whisper
Words that tell us he forgives.

REST, WEARY HEART

Rest, weary heart. Thy cold hands now are folded
Above the breast which cannot ache again;
Rest long, and sweetly, in a sleep so dreamless,
No thought or sigh can ever bring thee pain.

Rest, weary heart. No breath of unkind whisper
Can reach the ear now shut to mortal sound;
Rest softly on thy pillow, deep and silent,
Beneath the daisy-starred and grassy mound.

Rest, darling, for our tears cannot disturb thee,
Or bitter sob molest thy calm repose;
Rest gently, for thy spirit free and happy,
No faintest shade of sorrow ever knows.

We know that many a time thy heart was weary,
And longed to leave life's burden far behind;
Now resting here, the quiet grave affords thee
The peaceful sleep no earthly heart can find.

Rest in thy lowly bed, so still and tranquil,
While angels guard thy pure and pulseless sleep;
And we who miss thee sorely, sadly, ever,
Can feel, 'tis best for thee, e'en while we weep.

May 4th, 1885.

GOING HOME

I saw an aged Christian,
Whose form was racked with pain;
Her eye, tho' dim to mortal sight,
Dwelt on the heavenly plain.

Thro' years of sad affliction,
Her faith had brighter grown;
And in the darkest hour she looked
Up to the Great White Throne.

On wings of prayer, her spirit
Dwelt ever at the Gate,
Whose pearly portals gleaming fair,
For all the ransomed wait.

When, one by one life's pleasures
Had faded from her grasp,
Her weary spirit looked beyond
The tomb, and Death's cold clasp.

I smoothed her placid forehead,
And prayed my end might be
Like hers, so free from fear or dread,
While life closed peacefully.

Her children, weeping softly,
To see her pass away,
Are comforted to think they'll meet,
Beyond life's troubled sea.

Her weary head, reposing
On Jesus' tender breast,
Shall soon forget the throbbing pain,
Which robbed her life of rest.

Her feet no more shall wander
Along the paths of earth;
Her voice no more shall join with ours,
In merriment or mirth.

But oh, her form is sweeping
Beyond the golden Gate,
Her feet shall walk the shining streets,
Where loved and lost ones wait.

Her voice shall join the chorus
Of all the glorified,
And happy in her Saviour's love,
She'll sit down by His Side.

OVER THE RIVER

The dark flowing river glides onward,
But why should we shrink from its tide?
Its billows cannot overwhelm us,
While Jesus walks close at our side.

His dear loving arms cling about us,
His smile lights the spirit's deep gloom;
Without Him, ah, fearful the passage,
Amidst the dark waves to the tomb!

The loved ones we cherished so fondly,
In sweet by-gone days long ago,
Have each crossed the deep rolling river,
And we too must breast its dark flow.

The fear and the dread are forgotten,
Beholding the beautiful land,
Which gleams in the glorious vision,
Afar o'er the fair golden strand.

O spirit, set free from earth's sorrow,
When welcomed by angels of light,
Didst ever thou dream of the rapture,
Awaiting beyond death's dark night?

O joy, past what mortals can fathom,
When entering into that rest!
No pain can invade that sweet haven,
We lean on His sheltering breast.

Pure fountains of peace ripple ever,
And rivers of happiness roll,
Fair flowers that shall ne'er know a winter,
With sweet incense charm the rapt soul.

And harmonies, thrilling and plaintive
Fall softly on listening ears,
Those heavenly streams chiming ever,
The spirit delightedly hears.

'And joy that shall never grow weary
Shall fill every soul evermore,
Then bravely we'll cross the dark river,
Beholding the beautiful shore!

March 19th, 1884.

HER GRAVE

She sleeps beneath the violets,
In some far distant land;
They tell me that dear friends go oft,
And with a gentle hand
Place on her grave her favorite flowers,
And drop a tender tear,
And sigh for her who passed so soon
Beyond our loving care.

In thought I often kneel beside
The mound above her rest,
And see the long, soft grass that waves,
By autumn winds caressed.
The quiet which pervades the spot
Will steal across my heart,
And soothe its sorrow, even while
The silent tear-drops start.

So calm, so sweet, so beautiful,
The lovely autumn days;
I think that e'en the sunbeams fall
With softer, purer, rays,
Upon her grave; and placid skies
Smile with a warmer light;
And fairest is that quiet scene,
By day, or starry night.

The place is strange to me, my feet
Have never pressed the sod;
But if on some dear day I come,
By the kind will of God,
E'en *near* that spot, I know my heart
Would guide me to her grave;
It is one sad, sweet pleasure that
My life doth ever crave.

The little bunch of violets
They sent me in the spring,

Is dearer than the brightest bloom
That other flowers could bring.
For once upon her grave they sighed
Their gentle hearts away,
For one as pure and lovely, and
As beautiful as they.

October 23d, 1886.

THE STRANGER'S GRAVE

Tread softly 'round this lowly mound,
Speak not one careless word;
But bend thy knee, and breathe a prayer,
Perhaps it may be heard.

While standing by the stranger's grave,
Our hearts with mute appeal,
Ask wondering: "Is this *my* fate"?—
While deeply sad we feel.

Far, far from home; in distant lands,
The loved ones watch and wait;
As twilight shadows gently fall,
They listen at the gate.

And many a time some footstep brings
A thrill to *one* true heart;
Perhaps a wife looks for that form,
With many an anxious start.

It may be that a mother weeps,
And prays for his return,
Ah, could she know that noble boy,
Sleeps now in death's cold urn.

No tender hands to deck this mound
With dewy buds of spring;
No loving friend to whisper low
His name, or tribute bring.

Beneath the peaceful, quiet stars,
Thro' the long solemn night
This lonely grave stands out apart,
Bathed with the soft moonlight.

Tread lightly; if a tear should fall,
'Twill not unmanly be;
If he had lived, and thou like him,
Perhaps he'd weep for thee.

January 20th, 1885.

THE SECOND PART

I think of one whose pure, sweet hands
Were folded o'er her heaving breast,
And even then, her clear brown eyes
Beheld the longed-for rest.

The holy peace, unknown to earth,
Had calmed that gentle, trusting heart,
And bending close we hear her speak:
“Now comes the Second Part.”

Her lovely face shone with a light
Caught from the angels hov'ring near;
And oh, how wrong that selfish hearts
Would have her linger here.

But then that precious life was bound
So firm and close within our own—
It was so hard to see her tread
The shadowed vale alone.

Alone? Ah! God forgive; we know
That Thou wast with her all the way,
And led our darling safely through
Death's wild and stormy spray.

And when the tempests rave and roar,
And fear doth chill the trembling heart,
How sweet to think we may be near
That holy Second Part.

September 1st, 1886.

EYE HATH NOT SEEN

How fair and bright these blue June skies,
How sweet the roses bloom;
And yet there shines a purer day,
Beyond the quiet tomb.

We love these soft and balmy days,
And sigh to see them fade,
But still there gleams a fairer clime,
Without a care or shade.

These Summer days will pass away,
They will not, cannot last;
The flowers so sweet will droop and die,
With Autumn's chilling blast.

We have a home forever bright,
With joys that will not die,
Fair, fadeless flowers, and music sweet,
And love that knows no sigh.

This earth is fair and beautiful,
In Spring-time's smiling hours,
When sweet-voiced birds sing joyously,
And wake the fragrant flowers.

And yet, beyond these azure skies,
There waits a perfect life,
Without a grief, a sigh, or tear,
Or pain, or weary strife.

Ear hath not heard a strain so sweet,
As greets the spirit there:
Soft thrilling notes of melody,
That fill the ravished ear.

And we, who feel our pulses beat,
With quick and painful thrill,
When music sweet falls on our ear,
And all our senses fill,

Will feel a purer, holier joy;
We'll hear a sweeter strain,
A joy that thrills the soul's deep chords,
And leaves no aching pain.

The heart has never yet conceived
The beauty of that home,
The joy, the peace, the happiness,
That wait beyond the gloom.

For those who love the Father, here,
And strive to do His will,
That peaceful home in glory waits,
Beyond the crystal rill.

O, let me love Him more and more,
With every closing day,
That I may live in light with Him,
Across the shining way.

THE SENTINEL

AN INCIDENT OF THE CIVIL WAR

The moon hung low, one summer night,
O'er dark Potomac's restless tide;
A Union picket paced his beat,
With anxious heart and nervous stride.

For, one by one, his comrades fell
Before the Reb's unerring shot;
He felt the time mayhap had come,
To breathe his last upon that spot.

A farewell sigh to wife beloved,
And children dear, beyond compare;
His country's need he would not shirk,
But yield his life up bravely there.

O, list, upon the starry night,
A hymn floats on the silent air,
"Dear 'Jesus, Lover of my soul'
To Thee I send my last sad prayer.

"O, 'Let me to Thy bosom fly'
My spirit asks for nothing more"—
The song was sung so soft and low,
Its notes scarce reached to yonder shore,

Save when the ear was keen, intent,
As one who watched the lone hours through
The sentry he was sent to kill:
His gun was leveled straight and true.

“O, ‘Cover my defenseless head,’ ”
And then the Rebel soldier knew
He could not shoot his fellow man,
That song had saved the boy in blue.

The gun is dropped, a life is spared,
The moon in blessing, lowly dips;
The Union sentry safely steps,
With that prayer song upon his lips.

Years afterward a vessel sped
Upon her way on ocean’s tide;
A man was walking on the deck,
And sang, “Hide me, my Saviour, hide.”

Another man stepped up and asked,
“Where were you on a certain night
In eighteen sixty-four, my friend,
Your voice, to me’s familiar, quite?”

The other turned an earnest gaze,
And told how once he had been spared
When death looked sure, that song had seemed
To save his life, that lay ensnared.

The other clasped him in his arms:
“Thank God, I did not shoot you there;
For ’twas my Saviour you invoked;
He stayed my hand and heard your prayer.”

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